

THE TIMES.

D. F. OWENS, Editor and Publisher.

DODGE CITY, - - - KANSAS.

REVENGE.

Revenge is a naked sword—
It has neither hilt nor guard.
Wouldst thou wield this brand of the Lord:
Is thy grasp then firm and hard?
But the closer thy clutch of the blade,
The deadlier blow that wouldst it deal,
Deeper wound in thy hand is made—
Is thy blood reddens the steel.
And when thou hast dealt the blow—
When the blade from thy hand has flown—
Instead of the heart of the foe
Thou mayst find it sheathed in thine own!
—Charles Henry Webb, in Century.

SHOOTING A LEOPARD.

Exciting But Dangerous Sport in India.

Running Down a Child-Eater and Killing Him at His Horrible Feast—Episodes of the Hunt—A Bloody Struggle.

"I was reading some shooting stories of the far West, the other day," said an old globe trotter to the *Herald* man, "and the sport they have out there can not compare with what they have in the far East. There is not that element of 'dang' in it which conduces much to the enjoyment of real sport. Of course, you have the 'grizzly,' but, after all, he is an easy mark to hit."

"There are two kinds of leopards in India. One is the cheetah, the common leopard of the plains of Hindostan. This animal confines his attention chiefly to small antelopes, barking deer and jungle sheep. He is frequently caught when young and tamed by the native shikaris, who teach him to assist them in hunting and driving game within shot of the guns of the sportsmen. The other kind of Indian leopard is the 'buckabugga,' a much larger and fiercer animal, who, when he has once tasted human blood, becomes an ogre with a frightful appetite for children. He is chiefly found in the lower ranges of the Himalayas and vast jungles of the Terai."

"One summer's evening I was out with a couple of friends on a shooting excursion from Almora into Nepal. Our tents were pitched on the banks of the Kula Nuddie, a river which parts the British possessions in the hills from those of the Nepal Raj. We were getting our guns ready to go out for some black partridges for supper, when the head man of the neighboring village came up to entreat our assistance in killing a leopard which had haunted some neighboring village for many months and had already carried off twelve children. Traps and pitfalls had been set for him in vain. He had evaded all. A poor Zeminden had just come into the village with a woe-filled story about his six-year-old boy—his only boy—who, when playing before the door of his father's hut in the dust of the evening, had been seized by the leopard and carried off before his father's eyes. The poor man followed the animal and struck it repeatedly with an iron hoe, but it held on and vanished in the jungle. At daylight he had hunted in the track with some friends, but found only a few bones and some bloody hair, remains of his child that a jackal was picking at and a vulture watching. The man said he had watched the place every night, but had never again seen the leopard. The recital of the tragedy excited us, and we pledged ourselves not to leave the neighborhood till this cruel ogre was destroyed. Ram Bex, our head shikari, was called and ordered to make every inquiry as to his whereabouts, and to offer a reward of ten rupees to any native who should give such information as would give us a shot at him."

"It would be endless to relate the many false alarms we had. We sat up all night in trees, with a goat tied below us as bait, near the place where the leopard had last been seen. One night while sitting in a tree with a gun coiled, who held my weapons, I fell into a doze. A friend in a tree about twenty yards off, with a goat below, roused me by the discharge of his rifle. My coiled rifle was by the arm and I shrieked: 'Sahib, Sahib, luckabugga aya!' (Master, master, the leopard is here!) 'Where, where?' I asked, seizing the rifle he held out to me. 'There,' said he, pointing to a dark object moving through the trees about thirty yards off. Bang—bang—went both my barrels, followed immediately by unearthly yells. We descended from our trees, and found a large, rough pariah dog shot through both hind legs. He was yelling like a fiend and snapping like a crocodile. I borrowed a large Ghorka Kookrie from our shikari, and baring my right arm, soon put an end to doggie's squeals."

"One of my friends was very fat, and, as he found a branch of a tree rather inconvenient, had a common native charpoy (sort of bedstead) fixed up in a fork of a tree. On this he reclined with a gun coiled and a large double-barrel gun loaded with slugs. We were tired of the goat bait, so we had got a monkey, thinking a child-eater would be more tempted by its flesh. I was posted in a tree from which I could more readily watch the approach to my friend's post. About midnight the moon went down and it was almost dark. Half an hour later the monkey chattered, so I cocked both barrels and watched the foot of my friend's tree. The chattering increased. Then came a blaze of light and a loud report, followed by the breaking of branches and a perfect babel of noises. I had a pine torch with me and, clambering down from the tree, lit it and rushed to the spot. There on his face lay my friend, screaming out for me. He had upset his head. On his back sat the monkey tearing his hair like a wildcat. A few yards from him lay his coiled whip and the charpoy on him smashed in half. He was roaring out: 'The leopard is eating me.' A little further off lay a jackal writhing with a dozen slugs in him. I picked up the coiled and helped my friend by knock-

ing over the monkey with the broken leg of the charpoy. After this little upset we lit cheroots and walked back to our tents, which were pitched about two miles off.

Ram Bex, our shikari, had given notice to all the natives around that if the leopard appeared and carried off anything information was to be sent to our camp before any pursuit was made. One evening we were at our tent door after dinner, smoking, when we observed on the other side of the river a Ghorka coming down the hills at great speed. At the river bank he inflated a sheepskin which he carried, and crossed the rapid stream on it—just as we see on their wall carving that the Assyrians of old did—being carried down about a quarter of a mile by the current. On landing he was met by Ram Bex, who had run out on seeing him approach. They walked toward us, the Ghorka gesticulating violently, and we heard the following story:

"The Ghorka lived in a hut about a mile from our camp, higher up the river, and only a hundred yards from the water. He had been out for the day on his duty, which was that of a government runner, leaving at home his wife, his baby in arms, and a little girl about six years old. The wife had gone to the stream for water, leaving the baby at the hut door. The little girl had disappeared, and had not been seen since. The Ghorka found its footmarks on a soft bit of ground, and hastened to it without attempting a pursuit in the dense jungle. Ram Bex decided that it was too late to start that night, but asked us to be ready an hour before daylight. In the meantime he sent to the next village for twenty coolies, who were engaged as beaters at eight cents a head. On turning out in the starlight next morning I saw that our followers and beaters had each got some instrument for making noise. There were tin kettles, tom-toms, bells and an old mangle drum. I and my two friends crossed the river on a plank lashed across two inflated buffalo skins, which kept our guns and powder high out of water. The beaters came over in all sorts of ways, some swimming, some clinging to inflated sheepskins. When we reached the Ghorka's hut, the whole of our beaters were extended in a line, I standing in the middle, at the spot where the Ghorka had found traces of the leopard. The poor Ghorka himself, and Ram Bex, leading a Brinjary dog in a string, were with me, each of them carrying a spade. At a given signal the whole line started. The beaters yelled, whistled, rang bells and beat tom-toms, making noise enough to drive away every leopard within twelve miles. The dog kept steadily to the scent, but our progress at times was very slow through the dense bamboo jungle."

"After proceeding about a mile the dog became very eager, dashed forward, and was not easily held in. In fifty more yards we came to the place where the brute had been supping. The mangled remains of the little girl lay about, only half eaten, and the ogre must have been scared by our noise. Without losing a moment the Ghorka and Ram Bex set to work and dug a trench under a tree to leeward of the child's remains, piling up some branches between them and the trench. Into this we jumped. The Ghorka departed with his dog in the direction taken by the rest of the party, who kept up the same discordant din as they moved away."

"Ram Bex now told me that the leopard would think from the passing away of the noise that the whole party had gone on, and would be sure to return in an hour or two to go on with his interrupted feast. We must be quiet, for the brute was very cunning, and the slightest sound or smell would send him off and destroy our chance of getting a shot at him. After waiting an hour I pulled out my cigar case, but the shikari forbade smoking by energetic gestures, neither of us speaking. I had a large double-barrel smooth bore No. 12, loaded with slugs, at full cock in my hand. Ram Bex had my breech-loading rifle with a large conical shell in it. In addition to these we had each a Ghorka kookrie and revolver. It was now nine in the morning. The noise of our party had died away over the hills for an hour or more. I remember as if it were yesterday how I had my eyes fixed on the movements of a regiment of white ants, who were piling things over the poor child that lay about ten yards from me. Suddenly Ram Bex put one finger on my lips, both as a sign to look-out and keep still. My fingers sought the triggers, and my eyes were strained in every direction. I could see nothing until, in about two minutes, I could discern that the grass waved, and the next instant, with a tread of velvet, the leopard glided in front of me. The suddenness of his appearance took my breath away for a few seconds, but, recovering myself, I raised my gun to the shoulder, and in doing this snapped off a little twig from a branch of the brushwood he had piled in front of us. The leopard turned his face full on me. Thinking that he would jump off I pulled off at his chest, letting off, in my nervousness, both barrels. He sprang into the air with a yell and fell backward. Ram Bex was out and by his side before I had risen from my knees, and discharged the rifle in the direction of his heart. When I got up with revolver in one hand and kookrie knife in the other, the brute was tearing up roots and grass with all four paws, and dangerous to approach. My slugs had entered his chest and eyes, and he was blind. I discharged my revolver at his hind-quarters, but he writhed and leaped about so violently that it was impossible to take good aim. Ram Bex, with his kookrie drawn, was dodging about for an opportunity to come close enough to cut at the dangerous hind legs and sever the tendons. I went back to the trench to load my gun. As I was loading the grass opened, and the Ghorka and his dog rushed up. He gave a shout of joy when he saw the animal kicking and bleeding, let go his dog, who darted at the throat

of the leopard, and then himself, disregarding claws and teeth, rushed in on him. With two strokes of his kookrie he cut the hind tendons, and the formidable legs were harmless. At the same time I stepped up and fired into the brute's mouth. This shot killed it. Ram Bex and the Ghorka began skinning, and on stripping the back came upon two fresh heated cuts which went right through the skin, and I remembered what the Zeminden had told us a week ago of his following and hacking with a hoe at the monster who was carrying off his children."

"After a hot march of an hour or two we got into camp about noon and had an oration from the people of the adjacent villages. Every one who had lost a child by the leopard asked for one of its claws, which was hung around the neck of the mourner as an amulet."

"Now, you will see from that," said the old globe-trotter, in conclusion, "that sport in the far East is not all beer and skittles."—Chicago Herald.

THE TREASURY VAULT.

One of the Most Perfect Store-Rooms for Gold Ever Constructed.

I dropped into the Treasury and looked at the workmen who are engaged in constructing the new vault. The Treasury itself looks like a tomb. It has great somber columns down each side of it, and the doors of its basement are so cut that they look as though they were dug out of a solid rock. Every thing about it is massive, and it makes me think more of the Bank of England than any other building I have seen. It is made in the shape of a hollow square, with wide tiers of granite walls running around a court in the center. It is in this court that the new vault is being built. Its interior will be cut up into cells, walled with iron lattice-work, and the workmen are now riveting the iron bars composing it together. These bars must be very strong, as the weight of the silver which is to be put in the vault will be immense. There was a portable furnace blazing away within the vault, and four men were carrying red-hot rivets and sticking them through the holes which had been drilled in these iron bars. They were then rivited by the pounding of a heavy hammer while a man held an iron mallet against them at the back. Each of these lattice-work walls require 2,500 rivets, and it will take more than 100,000 of these rivets to fasten the iron-work of the vault together. The vault is to contain \$100,000,000, which is such an immense sum that few people can comprehend it. It will give some idea of it to know that its weight will be 3,580 tons, or the weight of 35,800 men of 200 pounds each. Think of the heaviest man you know, and it would take 35,800 such men to weigh as much as does this silver. It would take 178 freight cars to carry it, and it would take a train a mile and a quarter long to transport it. Its weight would be so much that 6 locomotives could hardly haul it, and if these dollars were laid out so that one just touched the other they would make a line 2,305 miles long. If they were put on a floor, edge to edge, they would carpet ten times the area of the Capitol, or more than thirty acres, and if they were piled one upon another they would reach much more than 1,500 times as high as the Washington monument, making a solid column of silver more than 177 miles high. A million dollars in silver is no small quantity, and when you pack \$100,000,000 into a vault it has to be as strong as stone and iron can make it. To rob this vault will be a physical impossibility. To tunnel into it one would have to go under the whole Treasury building, and he would have to drill through a floor of cement and chilled steel before he got to the coin. The slightest noise would be sure to be heard, and the movement of a single bag would cause such a racket as to bring the guard down upon him instantly. No attempt has, I think, ever been made to rob the United States Treasury, and the safe-guarding about it are so strong that none but the craziest of men would think of trying it. —Washington Letter in Savannah News.

COWARDLY BEASTS.

The Real Nature of America's Large Carnivorous Quadrupeds.

The prevalent idea entertained by those not familiar with the real nature of our large carnivorous quadrupeds, believe their instinctive ferocity impels them to assault every person they meet, is not sustained by practical experience.

Those animals appear much more formidable in the distance than when approached in their own native wilds. But few Eastern sportsmen would, it is believed, voluntarily attack a bear, wolf or panther, yet I have seen and killed many of these animals, and not one of them ever turned upon me. And in further corroboration of this, my guide, "Little Bat," who has during his lifetime killed over eighty grizzlies, assured me that all he ever met invariably ran from him.

So confident was he of his ability to cope with these much-dreaded monsters that he did not hesitate to hunt them when alone and on foot, and only two years ago he encountered four grizzlies eating a dead elk upon Casper mountains, when he crawled to within short rifle range and shot every one of them without moving from his tracks, and upon another occasion, while we were hunting in the valley of the Big Horn, he went out alone during a moonlight night and shot two grizzlies from behind a tree.

Panthers and wolves are most afraid of man, and the traditional story of General Putnam having performed an extraordinary feat of courage by entering a cave and shooting a wolf is extremely laughable when contrasted with the fact that his wife upon one occasion, in the night time, at a frontier post, when a large black wolf had purloined one of her turkeys and was dragging it off, hurried out and with a stick made him drop the bird and run away.—Ottawa.

—Nothing shows greater objectness of spirit than a haughty demeanor toward inferiors.

THE TWO SIGNS.

I.
At the sign of "The Glass of Champagne,"
On the corner, what you sit and dine,
Thro' the oft opened door, the high-polished floor,
And mirrors and "bar fixtures" bright.
Pass under "The Glass of Champagne,"
Gaudy pictures bedeck the pale wall.
Not an oath is here heard, not a loud-spoken word,
Meet waiters obey every call.

Not a sound of carousal or brawl—
All is quiet, and polished, and fine,
Here gentlemen call, in society's drawl,
For their brandy or sparkling wine.
Pedestrians on the street hear
But the click of the cues as they pass.
It is not a disgrace to be seen in this place,
And the drunkards here made are first-class.

See that youth barely out of his teens
Approach the gay, glittering bar—
His head is held high, and smiling his eyes—
As he calls for his wine or cigar.

Diamonds flash on his snowy-white shirt,
Diamonds flash on his snowy-white hand.
He's the sort of style, oh, well may he smile
For Fortune is his to command.

At the sign of "The Big Lager Glass"
On the corner what sounds do you hear?
You hear fist bumps, and vile drunken shouts,
And the clinking of glasses of beer.

Pass under "The Big Lager Glass"—
There is dancing and music in there,
And topical songs on the workman's wrongs
By maidens once guileless and fair.

Pass on to the high sloopy bar,
See that brute bloated, dirty, bear-eyed,
Clothes tattered and torn, unshaven, unshorn,
Hand nervously twitching at side.

See him search and research his foul rage,
See the big drops of sweat on his brow—
Every nerve, every vein is throbbing with pain,
And crying for stimulus now.

At the sign of "The Glass of Champagne"
You saw, not a long time ago,
With his head held up high, and with gay,
Smiling eye.

This brute so bloated and low,
At the sign of "The Glass of Champagne"
He once strutted a proud, loping swell,
He seemed to drink beer, but he begs for it here.

Let's depart from this horrible den,
And as thro' its dark portals we pass,
Let's swear, as we're men, to never again
Pass under "The Big Lager Glass."

And let's swear, as we laugh at the brute,
And scoff at their will-power and brain,
To take to the stars if we ever again call
At the sign of "The Glass of Champagne."

—Burke Mot, in N. Y. Voice.

A GERMAN PROTESTS.

Against the Liquor Attitude of the German American Press.

We speak now as a German to Germans, and ask the serious and simple question: Does the German daily press have a decent regard for the moral disposition of the German-American people? One does not demand of it that it shall transform itself into a religious press. But though it may not seek the one priceless pearl, it should at least strive for good pearls. It should take an honest, manly, and sympathetic stand upon all questions which intimately concern the protection of public morals, the progress of virtue and the increase of the conditions of home happiness and the general welfare. But with sorrow we see that instead of leading and strengthening what is for the good and elevation of the people, the German press too often submissively bows to the decrees of pernicious public feeling, and is content to swim with the stream, no matter how severely the public morals may suffer, and not caring whether the last vestige of respect for the laws of God and man shall disappear.

In regard to two most important matters, this difference of the German American press is particularly shown—in regard to the Sunday question and other drink question. The time is past when people may dismiss these questions by sneeringly ridiculing them as outgrowths of native puritanism. They have become great world questions; and one can not but feel the deepest indignation at seeing men who by observation must be aware of the benefits and blessing bestowed by the American Sabbath lift their wicked hands against it, and attempt to convert it into a day of drunkenness and rioting.

And must not every German who has in his heart a spark of patriotism and noble emotion feel his blood boil within him when he hears the German press of America, with almost unanimous voice, declaring to "Germanism" that in spite of the measureless devastations wrought by the liquor traffic, the German must seek his crowning glory in the fight against the temperance cause, and must and his worthiest compatriots in the beer-breweries and the liquor saloons?

Have these pretended leaders of German spirit, German thought, German decency and German public virtue no eye for the frightful, impetuous spread and growing might of this unbridled and merciless traffic of hell?

Have they no thought for the disgrace that they bring upon the German name by praising and defending the liberty to drink as the highest and most precious of all the liberties that the Germans enjoy? Have the Germans nothing else to save but the beer glass? Shall the German draw his sword only for the liquor-saloon and never for its poor victims?

Why is this cold, heartless indifference toward the most powerful and hideous vice that holds unhappy humanity in bonds? Why does the German press discover in every earnest endeavor to check the drink evil a fatal threat against "personal liberty"? Why are the United Germans of this country classed as friends and protectors of the saloon? Why may not and can not a German with his whole heart approve of and assist the efforts to root out this business that is so terrible a foe to humanity? We know that no habit works so insidiously as the drink habit; that no desire is so easily awakened or so powerfully rooted itself as the desire for alcohol; that there is no other means on earth by which so rapidly and certainly all nobler desires are made to perish, the life is enfeebled, the health is ruined, and domestic happiness, business and respectability are destroyed, as by the surrender to the drink appetite. And yet men gaze with cold looks and indifferent hearts while the liquor saloons prosecute their demoralizing and murderous business from early morning until late at night, not on working-days only, but also through the whole blessed, livelong Sabbath-day; while one brewery after another is built, and saloon after saloon follows,

until this mighty traffic gradually acquires in all our great cities more property in land and buildings than any other industry. Yes, an industry it must be called in the strict sense of the word; for no other trade is fostered with so much diligence and perseverance as this.

How far does this thing go? Where shall we land? Do our statecraft politicians and our money-wise proprietors of newspapers discover in the enormous wealth of the liquor traffic only a guide-post pointing them to the shortest road to political success or personal fortune? Is all nobleness and humaneness dead? Has Mammon indeed overcome all moral principle? Do our daily papers exist only for vulgar gain and party?

Their dastardly silence in the presence of the boundless ruin which the drink traffic produces, their dead apathy in the presence of the colossal system of robbery, which this traffic practices against human society, their eager espousal of the liquor saloon in all its nullifications of the law—yes, their insolent abetting of the saloon-keepers to an open and united revolution against law and shadow of doubt that they are influenced by the money of the liquor-dealer and are conscious and willing partakers in all that is bonnet up in this liquor traffic.

Since the great mass of the German people in the United States are guided by such daily newspapers and are educated and led by them, it is any wonder that the business of the manufacturer and sale of intoxicating drinks is chiefly in German hands, or that, despite the much-boasted German moderation, the vice of drunkenness—which other solid virtues can not free them from—is claiming thousands of victims among the Germans? But, God be praised, it shall not always be so. The hope of seeing the German press take a new attitude, through which in a right sense we may be characterized as "a sociable people," is perhaps an idle one for the present. But it will come with time. The nobler German spirit will not always bow under the yoke, but will demand the annihilation of the tyrannical traffic. For, to use the words of a foreign German paper: "No modern nation can, without doing injury to itself, postpone the time of solution of this question; and it is one of the highest duties of the legislator to seek for the conditions by which it shall be possible to protect the people from this slow, but in its effects depopulating form of suicide."—Der Christliche Apologet, Cincinnati.

Green Clay Smith as Prophet.

That original and only genuine Prohibitionist, General Green Clay Smith, was here this week, and in a conversation with us, gave this wonderful programme of political events. Said he: "In 1888 there will be five candidates for the Presidency—Democratic, Republican, Prohibition, Labor and Know-Nothing. The Democratic candidate will win, the Republicans will have the next highest vote and the Prohibitionists the next. Defeated for the second time the Republican party will never nominate another candidate, and the Labor question will have been settled by the following election, and in 1892 there will be a stand-up fight between a Democratic ticket and a Prohibition ticket, these being the only ones in the field. All the temperance Republicans will go over to the Prohibitionists and the whiskey Republicans to the Democrats, the Prohibition ticket will win with hands down and the year of jubilee will have come."—Interior Journal.

A Great Truth Making Headway.

Founders of new parties should take note of the fact that the Prohibition party is gaining ground, not because the subject of temperance is better understood than formerly, but simply because the Prohibitionists are almost without exception men whose personal characters win respect for their cause. —Omaha World.

Had the Best of it.

A good thing was sent to us last week, which we will give to our readers. An anti-local optionist trying to influence a colored voter, used this argument, that whisky was needed in sickness for beasts as well as men. He said he knew a very valuable horse to die because no whisky was sold in that district. The colored brother replied: "And I knew three fine horses which were killed by being rode to death by drunken men." We think he had rather the best of it.—Va. Temp. Advocate.

PROHIBITION NOTES.

Mrs. JOHN B. GOUGH is preparing a biography of her departed husband.

GREAT revolutions move at first like a glacier, by inches, but at last like an avalanche.

The noted historian, Benj. J. Lossing, has joined the Prohibition party. His home is in New York.

THERE'S only one straight ticket, and that's the Prohibition ticket. The rest are all more or less crooked.—N. Y. Voice.

EVERY Arkansas is making tremendous advances towards prohibition. So many counties have "gone dry" under the local option law that Prohibitionists are talking of a constitutional amendment in the early future. The "Arkansas Traveler" will have to move on.—Kansas City Herald.

WEIGH it in money-scales, and measure it by the moral code, and you will find that the temperance reform movement outweighs and outmeasures in public importance the tariff reform, labor reform, civil service reform, and all the combined reform "doxies" of the day.

The rum power is one of the two parties responsible for this state of things. The other is the people themselves. They have been playing the role of cowards in this struggle, and have allowed the infernal tyranny of the rum power full swing. It is time for an awakening, and we are glad to see the signs of its coming. The rum power has gotten too arrogant. It has driven things with too high a hand. A reaction is setting in rapidly against the domination of the saloon in politics.—Tulsa Blade.

TEMPERANCE READING.

"ALL OVER."

"The Dear Fellow Is All Right Now—No Saloons Up There."

Dead!
Dead in the fullness of his manly strength, the ripeness of his manly beauty, and we who loved him were glad!

His coffin rested on his draped piano, his banjo and his flute beside it. And as we looked on his brown curls thrown up from the cold, white brow, on his skilled hands folded on his breast, on his sealed lips, of which wit and melody had been the very breathings, the silence was an awe, a weight upon us, yet our voiceless thanks rose up to God that he was dead.

Always courteous in manner, kind in word, obliging in act, every body liked "Ned," the handsome, brilliant Ned.

Three generations of ancestors, honorable gentlemen all, had taken the social glass as gentlemen may, but never lowered themselves to drunkenness—never, no, not one; but their combined appetite they had given as an heirloom to Ned, and from his infancy he saw wine offered to guests in the dinner parties, and when he had been "a perfect little gentleman," was given by his father one little sip.

He grew and the taste grew, and when his father was taken all restraint but a mother's love was taken.

As the only child of a praying mother, now the church would hold him up; now the saloon would drag him down; now his rich voice would join his mother's to swell the anthems of the church, now make her night hideous with his ribald songs. So all along the years he was her idol and her woe.

When her last sickness was upon her the mother said to a friend:

"They tell me when I am gone Eddie will go down unchecked, that in some wild spree or mad delirium he will die. But he will not. His fathers created the appetite they gave my boy. His disgrace is their sin, and my sin, too. He saw it on my table, tasted it in our ice-creams, jellies and sauces. For this my punishment is greater than I could bear, but for the sure faith that God has forgiven me, and Eddie will die an humble penitent. It is just that I be forbidden to enjoy here the promised land, but I know Whom I believe, and my boy will be carried safely over."

As death drew nigh every breath was a prayer for "Eddie," and, as he chafed his death-cold hands, the pallid lips formed the words no ear could catch, "Meet-me—in-Heaven." And his voice, rich and full, responded, "I will—mother, I will."

And as from her mountain height of faith and love she caught a glimpse of that "promised land," with a seraph's smile she whispered:—"I thank—Thee—O—Father," and was gone.

And his uncontrollable grief made one say to another: "His mother's death will be his salvation."

He covered the new-made grave with flowers, and when others had left the cemetery he went back and sat beside it till nightfall, and then went to his lone home, and the oppressive silence drove him out to walk. He passed a saloon; some of his old associates came out and said kind words of sympathy. His soul was dark and sad, and from the open door came light and cheerful voices, and he went in.

Before the long spree was over he bade a cry, "take that old book out of my sight."

That old book!—the Bible he had seen his sainted mother read morning, night, and often midday, and from which he had read to her those suffering, dying days.

Then a friend of his mother took him to her home and brought him back to sobriety, remorse, and a horror of himself. For months he did nobly and became active in Christian work, and refused all the urging "to just step in and see your old friends," and we felt there was joy in Heaven.

Then he was asked to bring his banjo and sing at an oyster-supper at the most respectable saloon in town, where "no one is ever asked to drink."

A wild spree was the result, and his robe was so mired we doubted if it ever had been white. And he doubted, too, lost hope, lost faith, in himself, and, worse, lost faith in God.

Kind arms were thrown around him, and again he was placed upon his feet, very humble, very weak, he tried once more to walk the Heavenward path.

"I am very glad to see you so well," I said one day when I met him.

"I don't know how long it will last," he said, sadly.

"Forever, I hope," I said cheerily.

"I shall try hard to have it, but there will come an unguarded moment—but you know nothing about it."

Some two weeks after I met a physician.

"I have a case for you ladies. Ned is very sick."

"Has liquor anything to do with it?"

"No, not at all. He has pneumonia, but his old drinking has so ruined his stomach it will go hard with him."

His nurse told us he thought he should die, and constantly exclaimed: "My wasted life! my wasted life! God can not forgive it." He would fear to die, and pray to live to redeem his past; then he would fear to live, and pray to be taken from temptation. So wore on a week, and then he gave up self and grew calm in Christ.

On Sunday he said his mother was in the room and wondered we could not see her, and with a smile on his face and "mother" on his lips he passed beyond.

As I came out of the house one of his whilom associates, sober and sad, took off his hat and asked: "Is it all over?"

Impressed with the vast meaning of those two little words, I bowed and answered back:

"All over!"

With a voice full of pathos he said:

"The dear fellow is all right now. There are no saloons up there."

I walked on repeating to myself:

"No saloons up there! They will be done, in earth as it is in Heaven."—Mrs. Lucy E. Sanford, in National Temperance Advocate.

A GROWING CAUSE.

The Increase in the Temperance Sentiment—Drinks in Its Social and Moral Aspects—The War Upon the Saloon.

He is a poor observer of current movements who does not recognize the increase in temperance sentiment and the gathering momentum of power that is acting against the dram-shop. Whether or not as many people, relatively, are addicted to drink as there used to be, we have no doubt as to the opinions that prevail relating to drink in its social and moral aspects. It is now not only a sin to be drunken, but it is not respectable. The tipplers are being driven off to hide themselves from a public judgment that refuses to excuse them. As for actual drunkards, they are regarded with feelings of pity and disgust. The chief wrath, however, is directed against the men who traffic in drink, whose business it is to corrupt society and destroy their fellow men, body and soul, for their own advantage. There is a settled determination on the part of a large, which is also the best, part of the people of the country that these destroyers shall be driven from their pursuits and compelled to earn their bread in some honest calling. Every day adds to the intensity of the conviction and sternness of the demand that the saloon must disappear. Even among those who differ sharply as to the means by which to bring it about there is the concurrent belief that the time is ripe for destroying the pest that has so daringly fixed itself among the blessings of the day. It gets more and more to be the "adversary" appearing among the sons of God, whose destructive "touch," also, is put upon all the precious interests of society.

The frantic efforts of the lovers of drink, together with brewers, distillers and saloonists, to stem the tide of indignation, is proof of the progress it is making. They are using all their resources in a case which they admit is desperate; and though they affect to believe that the opposition is but temporary—an excitement, a craze, that will after a little die away—they know better, and hence so exert themselves to save all they can. By combination, therefore, and efforts through the press and politics, they are as active and earnest as resentment and self-interest can make them. But this only increases the determination of the friends of Temperance and calls out their greater energy. Men and women combine against such aggression, the contest grows into a trial of strength between those who would save society and those who would ruin it; between the promoters of waste, poverty, degradation and physical and moral death, and the friends of the homes, property, morals and happiness of the people. We can not be in doubt as to the result of this contest. The Christian cultivation and moral force of the people, represented in churches, schools, benevolent associations, and in all the higher forms of current life, will not be conquered by the coarse malevolence of the drink traffic. The mighty and all-prevailing truth will prove itself here, as in all other causes.—United Presbyterian.

DRUNKENNESS AND LYING.

The Drunkard Likely to Become Habitually False on All Subjects and All Occasions.